ILLUSTRATED FASHIONS

MOST women would welcome a reliable forecast as to styles in skirts, but this is difficult to give. Many sorts are current, all of them in good standing just now, and the showing is marked by much diversity. All that is well, but for women who want to choose now a skirt that will give stylish service in the fall or later, selection is largely a matter of guesswork. Dressmakers themselves are in the dark; at least, different ones suggest different styles. The current thin summer goods make up very prettily in very full models, and a lot of shirring, gathering and ruffling is used with excellent result, but when thicker materials are necessary this will be a difficult style to follow without giving to all but very slender women the outlines of a barrel, so many flatly refuse to entertain such patterns. Then there are the styles that have the front breadth plain, and the top of the skirt a yoke, but these require a deal of fullness in other parts, so, take it all in all, it is a problem.

AS FIGURED STUFFS ARE TREATED.

Many thin wool goods are so pully and stretchy that they do not take kindly to pleatings and look all askew, so that style has fewer followers than was predicted for it. Then the present style of exceedingly wide insertions set in the skirts has the tendency to make the skirts look awry, so very wide insertions of the coarser laces often are put in as bands, instead of as insertions. This is a much safer plan to pursue, especially if the gown under consideration is of wash stuff.

Coarse, heavy cluny and Irish laces are fascinating, and it is easy for the shopper to forget all but the beauty of the weaves and patterns when purchasing, so it is well to consider all the outs of these coarse designs and have your mind fully made up as to just what it is wise to buy before venturing into the stores. Not only in coarse wash laces do ideas run wild, but many silk laces used on voiles, canvases and thin wool stuffs of fancy orders are so coarse as to be like a spider's web, and while they are as dainty as can be, and will make up very prettily they will be short-lived, for the least pull of a thread will endanger their appearance. So it is the course of prudence to buy closer weaves if hard use is to be expected of the gown.

Another point to be considered if the purchaser intends making up the gown herself, is whether it will not be wiser to buy one of the pattern suits of which there is such an abundance, rather than to attempt to put in medallions, insertions and patterns of lace. Some of the pattern gowns are very handsome, and it is possible to buy designs that are not at all common, so that there will be no danger of coming upon a duplicate of your gown. Many linen-colored wash pattern gowns combine two kinds of linen, and the way in which the two goods are employed is very ingenious. The embroidery will be very heavy, possibly wreaths of flowers, the center of the wreath having a piece inset of a coarser linen than that of the gown. The same coarser stuff often will form an insertion between two rows of embroidery put on in irregular pattern round the skirt at the knees. This trick is very pretty, and if it is desired, it is best to buy the gown ready to make up, for it is impossible to inset these pieces successfully unless you are trained to such work.

Some linen gowns in shades of dark blue are exceptionally dainty. They are serviceable, too, for the color does not allow them to show soil easily, and they have such a pretty surface as to escape altogether a rough and ready look. A handsome gown of dark blue linen had medallions of Mexican drawn work inset at odd places all over it, and wherever these medallions appeared they were surrounded with clusters of French knots. These knots were made of two threads twisted together, one black and one white, so that the black and white effect was carried out very daintily. A handsome red is being used a deal in linen suits, too, and it trims very finely with either black or white. Black and white ideas are as plentiful as ever, and many of them, without being flashy, are striking. Thin lawns, batistes and mulls are much seen in these combinations, and it is permissible to have the main part of the gown white and trim it with black, or to reverse this. The latter is rather on the order of novelty, and a black thin gown trimmed round the low-cut neck with white insertions of lace is a very striking affair, and, incidentally, an excellent medium for displaying a good neck. Then there is no prettier display of the arm than is made through thin black, and many a woman with a very ordinary arm can make it appear shapely if she adopts this idea.

It is not distracting from the beauty of thin summer dresses to point that they are unsatisfactory as forerunners of styles for cool weather. Both their beauty and their lack of value as sure guides for the future are suggested by the pictures the artist puts here. Seen from the rear is a figured French muil, freely shirred, topped by a collar of the mull made over white silk and finished with French knots. Together in the next picture are a figured mousseline de soie, white ground with pink figures, and a figured silk gauze lavender on white ground, with plain white silk gauze for trimming. From left to right in the concluding sketch are a white chiffon heavily trimmed with flower embroidery; a pale pink gauze evening gown wreathed with raised chiffon flowers in pink, white and green, and another evening gown of white peau de soie finished richly with fine white silk braid. Each dress of this showing was a model affair, ostensibly a display of advance fashions. That they and the countless gowns they stand for do not go far enough ahead to guide economizers is the only blemish on their beauty.

Nearly everything in the line of dress materials is being embroidered with French knots. This is increasing, and, although it is very pretty, there is danger of its being overdone. Taffeta, pongee, punjaub and countless fancy silks are being embroidered in these knots and can be bought by the yard. Then there are many wool weaves similarly treated. However, if this finish becomes tiresomely prevalent, the knots can be ripped out, so that they need not be condemned as impossible by the economizer, for with a few hourse of ripping the speckled gown will come out ready for decorating in some other way, and no one need be the wiser.

Summer evening dresses are made from exquisitely pretty materials. Figured chiffons have taken on new beauty, grenadines are very attractive and mousselines are so delicate in weave and coloring that it is hard to resist them. The one thing to be guarded against is that the extreme lightness of these fabrics does not make them so fluffy as to be everywhere but where they belong. There are countless schemes resorted to to give desired weight, and some of them are done so skillfully as to be impossible of detection. The thinness of the goods makes it impossible to tack it down so it will not show, for if that is attempted the goods will invariably fly up and disclose the tacking. This fault was beautifully done away with in a gown of thinnest black gauze. At the top the fullness was shirred in three times. From the waist, fourteen bands of two-inch black velvet ribbon fell to the bottom of the skirt. At the top the velvet covered the skirt entirely, but as the skirt widened out the gauze appeared between. The ends of the velvet were hemmed into points. The waist was similarly covered, the low neck being edged with white guipure lace. The whole hardly could be excelled for lightness, and yet it was trimmed in such a way that it could not fly up disagreeably.

Many of the thin evening gowns are weighted down by their heavy embroidery, some of it being in silk, some in jewels and beads of whites, blacks or colors. Then chiffon flower wreaths are used in such profusion as to give the desired weight, but in some way or other it is obtained and often it is done so daintily that it is completely disguised. A deal of jet is to be worn this fall, it is said, and not only will it be used as trimmings on gowns and wraps, but it is to be put in the "dog collars" like those used a few years ago. This idea is a good one for women who have not pretty necks, for an evening gown can be cut low and a jet collar worn that will disguise the thin parts of the neck.

Though many yokes are seen, few of them are anything but lace, and these lace yokes can be bought ready for use, so it is an easy thing to get up a dressy waist. Try on the yoke and be sure that it fits perfectly, for in that lies the chief charm. Many are very transparent and can be made over lining or not. Waists are all blousing a good deal, although it was said when the pointed front went out that waists would blouse less. Blouse effects are cool, so it is hard for women to give them up, and then the style has much else in its favor. It often is said that the blouse is trying for stout women, but really it is the best kind of cut possible if correctly fitted. It should be low over the bust and bring the waist well down so that the long lines may be increased. The poorly cut blouse is ugly on any one, but rightly done it has much to commend it.

New York, July 10.

A SHOWING OF APPLIED TRIMMINGS.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

ONE MOTHER'S PHILOSOPHY CONCERNING NEED OF SCOLDING.

Women Should Be Sympathetic with Husbands' Hobbies—Denial that Women Talk Too Much.

"There's just one reason why I'd like to be a child again—at times," sighed the woman with the compressed lips and the disarranged coiffure, as she ripped a patch out of a small pair of trousers and hunted among the scraps that didn't match for the nearest thing in stripes.

"And that—?" asked the neighbor lady, as she see-sawed back and forth in the comfortable broken rocker.

"And that's for the blessed privilege of being cross," sighed the tired woman as she bent to her thankless task.

"Look at the children—mine, anyway. Now they can get up in the morning and begin to fret as they slide one foot out of bed. They can scold while they are getting dressed and complain because they can't find their slate pencils or their books. Just so long as they leave the house sunny and cheerful they know very well they will hear nothing from me. I don't mean peevishness, you understand, but good, hearty scolding. It's one of the normal, downright privileges of childhood, and we can't wholly suppress it."

"We can try, all right," laughed the other, good-naturedly.

"Of course. We can use our maternal prerogatives at times, and have the scolding on our sides. But it doesn't make us respect ourselves any the more, and we know all along, underneath, that they might just as well say it out loud as to scowl and throw things at the cat. And, besides, when I think what a downright relief it is to oneself to scold when things go wrong I generally leave 'em alone. The result is that by the time they are ready to start to school the up-the-grainness is all out of them, and they are sunny-faced all around and sweet tempered."

"Just the same, that ain't my way. Tempers is bad for children," said the other, setting her chin on one side. "I don't never let mine have no tempers 'round me. When they get up and come down to breakfast cantankerous I generally just paddle it out of them."

"No, you don't," answered the toiler quickly. "You paddle it into them, besides having the mean relief of easing your own temper. Not to speak of setting an example that's going to be copied when you're not around. Temper's like the chicken pox—lots healthier when it comes out.

"Only, Marthy, I draw the line sharp. Don't ever let it be vented on anything alive. No hurting! I teach my children that 'hurts hurt'—man, child or beast—and for every hurt something suffers. The consequence is that Bob's as careful of the feelings of Eva's pet kitten there as he is of mine. Though he knows he can slam his shoes across the room when his tooth gets to jumping without a word from me.

"In my opinion it isn't a mite more healthy to bottle a child up when it's little feelings are hurt and things go wrong than it is to seal up a bottle of cold catsup. It's bound to bubble on the inside and just make 'em mean and sullen. When I feel out of sorts I know how touchy and go-on-away-and-leave-me-alone I feel, and I'd just give worlds to scold! But I can't—not in common decency—before the children. And I tell you what I do generally, Marthy. I just whirl in and make a cake. I can put enough harmless energy into the beating to send my clouds flying and make me sweet-tempered again; not to speak of pleasing the children with the cake for tea. For it's the honest fact, children or grown-ups, there's nothing like whacking something to drain the cross out."

The listener looked at her curiously, an amused smile playing about her small, good-natured eyes. "You always was the queerest woman to figure things out, Lizzy. I thought it was a good chance to scold you wanted. And here I be, right here."

The other flipped her thread through the variegated seat of the little breeches with energy. "Scold! Well. An ain't I scolding—right here and now? I have been taking it out of you, Martha, I guess. An I tell YOU, that's just the way my family's going to be brought up. Scolding's healthy, s'long's nobody's hurt. Hurt's the unforgivable sin in our home education. But scolding!—la, honest scolding, without any cayenne peper or vinegar in it's good for children. 'Stead of bottling a child's temper up till it gets sulky and sending it 'round with a 'the-world's-awful-mean, but-I'm-going-to-stand-it' expression, it comes out healthy and sweetens 'em up into cheery little bodies to have around."

F. L. F.

Some Hints on Canning.

Elizabeth O. Hiller, in the Housekeeper.

The chief points in canning are to have the fruit perfect in shape and quality, syrup clear and rightly proportioned and boiling hot, the jars filled to overflowing and sealed quickly and thoroughly, that no air may be left inside. Have each utensil to be used in the process in readiness, that there may be no needless delay. Pint jars are more convenient for a small family. Old jars should be scalded, also covers; new rubbers and covers can be procured at the grocer's when the old ones are unfit for use. A clamp is a great convenience, as jars may be held in the clamp directly over kettle and filled very quickly.

When the fruit is to be boiled in the jars, as it sometimes is, strew the bottom of the boiler with small wire nails. This makes an admirable trivet which prevents the jars from sitting on the bottom of the boiler, where they would be likely to break. Allow water to come almost to top of jars. Fill the fresh fruit carefully into the jars and prepare the syrup, using sugar according to your taste. A good proportion and one which pleases the majority is one cup of sugar to one cup of water for each quart jar of small juicy fruits, and one cup of sugar to two cups of water for the large fruits—pears, peaches, etc. Pour the boiling syrup into the jars and bring the water in the boiler to the boiling point and boil five to ten minutes, according to the ripeness of the fruit.

Strawberries, plums and cherries will require more sugar. Cherries should be pitted, and I think a few pits cracked and kernels added to each jar improves the flavor. Quinces, apples, hard peaches, pears and all fruits which require softening should be cooked in water or syrup until they can be pierced with a small wooden skewer (toothpick.) Fill the fruit carefully into jar, then strain boiling syrup over it, filling the jar to overflowing. Just a word here in regard to preparing the large fruits: Pare and cut into halves, quarters, eighths or thin slices, according to the size of fruit used, as carefully as possible, and when cooking in the syrup prepare it as above and slip fruit into it carefully. Do not allow it to "wallop" in the boiling process or your syrup will not be clear and your fruit will lose its shape. Peaches are usually canned in halves or slices. Break a few of the stones and add half a dozen kernels to each can of fruit, which improves its flavor and affords a change, as do a very few cassia buds used in the same manner.

Do Women Talk Too Much?

New York Sun.

Do women as a class talk too much? Can women as a class talk too much? What is "too much?" What is the standard of speech, the exact measure of permissible talk that never slops over into loquacity? If women talk too much, who talks just enough? Not the men. To be sure, there are great silent men, like Mr. Roosevelt, but the mass of men is as garrulous as a guinea fowl. The old principle of sex taboo still holds good in so far as men most habitually associate with and talk to men, women with women. There are no exact figures or records to be obtained and few phonographs to appeal to on the subject; but we are confident that the talk output of the men as a class exceeds that of the women. Not content with the everlasting dribble and babble of their private hours, men inflict themselves upon the public and yell from the stump, the platform and anywhere else where they can get a hearing. Most of the public oratory comes from the breeches wearers. From the Senate to the humblest little district school where the village sage makes "a few remarks to the children," where are you safe from the ineradicable instinct of man to rejoice in his own voice? You take an ocean voyage for rest, and Mr. Depew is sure to be aboard and on his legs.

As to ordinary talk, think of this fact, fatal to male pretensions of superiority: Most men "talk shop" drearily and interminably. They have the curiosity of their arboreal ancestor. They love gossip as a hawk loves chickens. And yet they suppose themselves to be reticent and speak with indulgent superiority of the chatter of the other sex. So Carlyle, "the stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder," celebrated the Eternal Silences in thirty-odd octavo volumes. And Thomas was a sage, just about as sage as the rest of us.

With the highest respect to Mrs. Coulter, we are compelled to deny categorically her theory that women talk too much. They don't talk nearly as much as men. They usually talk a great many diameters better than men.

She Expects Too Much.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Happy, thrice happy, the woman for whom the servant-girl question has no terrors!

Unless one is exceptionally favored in finding competent, willing, good-tempered, cleanly, reliable help, to be able to do one's own housework is a privilege to be enjoyed, not an evil to be deprecated.

Every housekeeper has at some time experienced the exquisite relief that comes when a trifling, no-account servant has at last gathered up her belongings and stubbed off to inflict her reign of terror on some other home. With what an abandon of joy she proceeds to "dig out" after the last incumbent; to let the light of day into dingy corners and "smelly" cubby holes; to fling into the ash barrel the sodden, greasy dish cloths, the grimy, malodorous cleaning cloths and dusters, the big bursted-out slippers and tattered aprons left in the retreat.

What a relief to scrub out the kettle cupboard, scour off the accumulated grease and smoke on pots and frying pans, clear up the pantry shelves, polish the dull faucets and boiler and clean out the ashy debris of weeks that clogs the kitchen range.

But, oh, the backache that follows this spurt of heroic cleansing, intensified by the realization that dinner is still to get, to serve, to clear away, the children to wash and put to bed, and only one pair of hands to do it all. Then it is that one realizes that, after all, there are two sides to the help question; that Mary Jane gets tired, and the daily routine is but a ceaseless "demnition grind" to her, to be shuffled off in the easiest possible way.

The average housekeeper expects too much of her help. She does not realize the fact that if Bridget or Chloe were mentally capable of other things they would not be willing to remain in some one else's kitchen.

Theoretically housework is quite as honorable as any other calling, is a healthful occupation and one in which an individual's best efforts may go with advantage. Practically, as Bridget realizes, there is a little stigma attached to it, the hours are longer than in any other calling, and, though the wages are exceedingly good, too good for very much poor work often comes, the girl finds herself in the anomalous position of being in a family, yet not one of it.

Until that happy day comes, oh, tired and worried housekeper, when the vexed question of household services shall adjust itself upon a business basis, when good wages shall command good work and skilled labor demand and receive its rightful recognition, be patient.

Simplify your daily living and your expectations. Insist upon cleanliness, but be considerate, patient and long-suffering in minor matters. So shall you make the best of a bad matter until time shall bring surcease of anxiety in this regard.

Beverages for Hot Days.

From Harper's Cookbook Encyclopedia.

Frozen Sanagree.—Nothing can be more refreshing at the dinner table in hot weather than claret or port wine made into sanagree with proportions of water, sugar and nutmeg as taste shall direct; then frozen, with the addition of a few whites of eggs beaten to a froth.

Orangeade.—Impregnate a few lumps of loaf sugar with the oil of orange by rubbing into them as much as you can readily from the rind of four oranges. Roll as many oranges as you design to use, squeeze the juice, allowing eight to one quart of water. Throw the skins into half a pint of water as you squeeze them, let them stand a short time, press them a little and add this water to the other juice. The very highest-flavored oranges should be selected, and if not found sour enough to impart an agreeable acid lemon juice may be added, with the caution that it must not be used freely enough to impair the distinct flavor of the orange. The oil should only be slightly rubbed from the oranges. Allow about one-half pound of sugar to the quart of orangeade.

Raspberry Royal.—Three quarts ripe, red raspberries, and one quart good cider vinegar. Let them stand together twenty-four hours, then squeeze, strain and measure. To each pint of the liquid allow one pound of white sugar. Put all together in a preserving kettle and boil half an hour, skimming constantly until clear. When cool add to each quart of the shrub a full gill of French brandy. Bottle and seal.

Cold Tea Punch.—Have the following orangeade prepared early in the morning: Pour one quart of cold water in a small saucepan; add the juice of two lemons and three oranges, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of the rind of a lemon and orange. Let it come to the boiling point. Strain it into a pitcher. Mix with strong tea, let it cool and serve very cold in a punch bowl with a few small pieces of orange and pineapple.

Tomato Wine.—To one gallon of the juice of ripe tomatoes, strained, put three pounds of white sugar. Set aside in a demijohn to ferment. Tie over the mouth only a piece of muslin until fermentation ceases, when it should be bottled and corked tightly. Put a few raisins in each bottle, and, with the color of champagne, it will have some of its sparkling quality.

Blackberry Wine.—Fill a large stone jar with ripe berries and cover with water. Tie a cloth over the jar and let stand for three or four days to ferment; then mash and strain through a coarse cloth. To every gallon of juice add three pounds of brown sugar; cover and skim every morning until clear of fermentation; pour off carefully from the sediment into a demijohn, cork and set in a cool place. Ready in two months.

The Woman and the Farm.

Youth's Companion.

The deserted farm and the woman who must support herself have one thing at least in common—they are not local problems. Careless writers have almost made it appear that all the deserted farms are in New England, and all the women who have to earn their own living are restricted by circumstances to the cities. Two essays recently read before agricultural societies in the central West suggest wider and truer view of the situation.

One essayist told of a woman who bought a farm, when overwork forced her to retire temporarily from her profession. She hires a man for outside work and a woman to do the rougher housework. She enjoys pure air, fresh vegetables and plenty of milk and butter and eggs and receives enough money for the hay produced on the farm to meet all her expenses.

The heroine of the other essayist was a successful stenographer, who, wanting a house of her own, pitched upon a three-acre place which was far from cities, but within reachable distance of several summer hotels. By study, perseverance, tact and common sense she presently found herself marketing every year 5,000 pounds of honey, 1,500 ducks and quantities of fine fruit.

Probably there is not a county in any State which does not offer similar opportunities for tired women to rest by change of occupation, and meantime earn a living; or for ambitious women to take up fruit-growing, market gardening, poultry keeping or some other specialty and carry it on at a profit. We glory in the women who have sought out such openings. Their number should increase.

Odds and Ends.

Never salt vegetables until they are nearly cooked; it hardens them.

The water vegetables are boiled in may be utilized in making sauces and soups; the best of the vegetables goes into it.

When potatoes are inclined to soddenness, try steaming instead of baking or boiling; you will be amazed at the result.

Cook soup only in a porcelain-lined kettle, and never leave in the kettle over night. Drain the stock into a porcelain bowl and be careful to remove every bit of vegetable.

Do not throw away a mayonnaise sauce because careless handling has caused it to curdle. Take a fresh dish, preferably a soup plate, chill it on the ice and "pick up" the mayonnaise by this simple process. Stir together a few drops of cold water and a little dry mustard. Dip the fork into the curdled sauce and stir it a very little at a time into the mustard and water. Proceed cautiously, stirring rapidly and well each time the fork is dipped into the curdled mixture. The result will be a perfect mayonnaise.

Any sleeve is correct just so it fits at the shoulder and is pouched at the elbow or a little below. The full flowing sleeve is a favorite for lace and chiffon materials, and many of these show exquisitely dainty undersleeves.

Savarin's famous recipe for cheese fondue is worth preserving. "Take first as many eggs as there are guests, and then about one-third as much by weight of the best Gruyere cheese and half of that of butter. Break and beat up the eggs well in a saucepan, then add the butter and cheese, grated or cut into small pieces. Place the saucepan on the fire and stir with a wooden spoon until it is of a soft consistence; put in salt according to the age of the cheese, and a strong dose of pepper—that being a special attribute of this ancient dish—and, finally, let it be brought to the table on a hot dish."

Home Training Is Needed.

Charleston News and Courier.

There is a good deal of preaching nowadays about the irreverence of young people and their impatience with religious life. The people who have children are more to blame for this than anybody else. If they would look after the training and education of their own people, instead of adopting machine methods of kindergarten and Sunday-school instruction in piety, probably there would be a very marked change in public sentiment toward the things which used to be regarded as sacred.

FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

Blouse and Bolero 4446. *Circular Skirt 4452.*

Embroidered pongees are much in vogue and are charming made in combination with heavy lace. This very attractive gown is made of the material in the natural color, with figures of pale green, and is trimmed with bands of ecru insertion held by fagoting in green silk.

The skirt is circular, with a smoothly fitted hip yoke that is made of bands to match those at the hem of the skirt. The blouse is simple and full and is worn with a bolero composed entirely of the lace and fancy stitches.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for blouse, 3¾ yards 21, 3 yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for bolero, 1½ yards of insertion 1¼ inches wide or 1½ yards 21, 1¼ yards 32 or ⅞ yards 44 inches wide; for skirt, 7 yards 21, 4½ yards 32 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern for blouse and bolero 4446 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

The skirt pattern 4452 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

PATTERN COUPON

For patterns of the two garments illustrated above send 10 cents for each (coin or stamps.)

Cut out illustration and inclose it in letter. Write your name and address distinctly and state number and size wanted. Address Pattern Dept., The Journal, Indianapolis, Ind.

Allow one week for return of pattern.

CASUAL COMMENT

By A CLUB WOMAN

The infants of our race probably develop the artistic sense earlier than the sense of humor. At least this seemed to be the case with a baby at the Lockerble-street fair. He was a beautiful little curly-head, scarcely two years old, and his mother held him up in her arms to see the vaudeville performance. Mr. Frank was singing a comic song, with those extraordinary facial contortions of which he is master. While the rest of the crowd were in convulsions of laughter, the baby kept protesting, with grieved surprise, "But he don't sing right—he don't sing right."

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Here is a series of pictures of the experiences of little girls. The instances are all authentic, but I sincerely hope most of them are exceptional.

One hundred years ago (and more): The great Mr. Edgeworth—who would have been deeply surprised and shocked to know that future generations would remember him only as the father of Maria Edgeworth—was entertaining a lady caller. A child entered the room—the daughter of "beautiful Honora Sneyd," who came about third or fourth in the list of Mr. Edgeworth's wives. The indiscreet caller allowed an exclamation of rapture to escape her at the child's beauty, especially her long golden curls. "Come here, my daughter," said the great man. The child came obediently. "Fetch me the shears from that drawer." She fetched them. He cut off every one of those lovely long curls and threw them into the fire. "What do you say, Honora?" "Thank you, papa." There's discipline for you! But think of the feelings of the visitor! Of course, the feelings of the little girl were not a thing to be considered one hundred years ago.

Seventy-five years ago: A dreadfully conscientious mother in rural America offered her hard-working and strictly ruled little daughter a great treat.

"Philomela, would you like to take your stint of patchwork and go over and spend the afternoon with Orilla?"

"Oh, mother, may I?"

"Go up chamber, wash yourself and braid your hair nicely, put on a clean dress, and put your work in your reticule."

Presently down the stairs came Philomela—a mere baby of six or seven—sweet as a rose, her face glowing with happiness. She was sent back to rebrush her hair, already most unbecomingly smooth and tight. She was finally allowed to start, and just as she reached the front gate was called back. "Come here, Philomela. You cannot go to Orilla's. I do not do this to grieve you, but to prepare you for the disappointments of life!"

And woe to Philomela if she did not have enough self-control to keep back her tears.

Fifty years ago: Little Jennie, in the country, received a wonderful, dazzling, enchanting gift from an aunt in New York city—a beautiful wax doll, elegantly dressed—an expensive thing in those days, when wax was painfully made by bees instead of being cheaply extracted from coal tar. After anxious deliberation, the mother decided that the little girl might keep the doll, her heart was so set on it. (Observe how discipline was weakening!) But she took away all the beautiful clothes and dressed the doll in blue checked homespun, lest the little girl's heart should be filled with vanity.

Twenty-five years ago: A mother—these mothers are getting weaker every day—bought some little silken tassels, the latest thing out, and fastened them to the top of her little girl's buttoned boots. But the sterner puritanism of the father ordered the frivolous ornaments removed instantly.

Twentieth century: Betty's mamma considers pretty little gingham frocks the proper wear for every day—the child being a hearty, normal little creature, on whom even a gingham dress never is fit for a second day's wearing. Betty has a friend, a precocious fine lady, content to sit still on the piazza and preserve the dainty white dresses her stylish young stepmother permits her to wear every day. After profound meditation, Betty remarks plaintively, "Mamma, of course I don't want you to die, but I can't help thinking how nice it would be if you should happen to, and I should have a footmother and she'd let me wear white dresses all the time!"

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In Mr. Dean's highly interesting article on the planet Venus, he remarked that the error of the Ptolemaic system in placing Venus next the sun, instead of next the earth, has never been explained. Confessing ignorance of the facts, the Clubwoman ventures to suggest this possible explanation: The Ptolemaic system was no loose guess or fanciful theory, but a scheme very carefully thought out, founded on the observations of thousands of years, and supported by profound mathematical reasoning. The transits of Venus and Mercury across the sun had been observed. Hence, it was known that their orbits must be within the (apparent) orbit of the sun. Their angular distance at the extreme points of their orbits had also been observed, hence it must have been known that the orbit of Mercury is smaller than that of Venus. The earth being taken as the center, and all heavenly bodies revolving about it in concentric circles, the planet with the smaller orbit must be the planet nearer the center. That the moon should be placed nearest the earth, then Mercury, then Venus, seems to be a necessary consequence of the primary mistake as to the center.

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Dante's very explicit recognition of the fact that the earth is a sphere seems to be curiously overlooked. In the journey of Dante and Virgil through hell they pass down to the center of the earth. Each of the nine circles of the inferno is smaller and lower down than the one preceding, as if they were terraces cut in the sides of an immense funnel. At last they reach the very lowest point, where the gigantic form of Satan is wedged in the center of the earth. The two poets pursue their journey by scrambling down over his body, holding to his hair. When they reach his thigh Virgil, the guide, with much difficulty reverses his own position. For a moment he seems to be standing on his head, but immediately they find themselves standing upright and climbing up the legs of the arch-fiend, although going straight on through the earth. Dante is amazed, and asks Virgil how it can be that Satan, who was standing upright when they began to traverse his body, now has his feet pointing upward, and how they have changed in a moment from morning to evening. In the course of his explanatory reply Virgil uses this striking reference to terrestrial gravity:

"When round I turned me, thou didst pass the point
To which things heavy draw from every side."

They then climb upward through a narrow passage until they come out to the surface of the earth and once more behold the stars. They have passed through the earth and emerged at a point exactly opposite Jerusalem, which would be in the western half of the southern hemisphere.

So clear a conception of the spherical figure of the earth, of terrestrial gravity, of the facts that one passing through the earth would ascend as soon as he passed the center, and that it would be nightfall at any point of the earth's surface when it was dawn at the antipodes, seems very remarkable when we reflect that the passage was written almost two hundred years before Columbus discovered America and more than three hundred years before Sir Isaac Newton found out the laws of gravity.

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Here is a summary of the annual reports read before the different clubs of the city on the subjects studied during the year:

Wars and states and constitutions,
Dynasties and revolutions,
Cardinals and kings and scullions,
Corbels, gargoyles, naves and mullions,
Columns Doric and Ionic,
Dreams Utopian and Platonic,
Spenser's fairyland of glory,
Kipling's realistic story,
Shakspeare's splendor, Sidney's dream,
Morris's high, heroic theme,
Browning's magical detection
Of the deep heart's inmost spasm,
Tennyson's serene perfection;
Darwin, Huxley, protoplasm,
Modern doubt and ancient schism,
Creeds and higher criticism;
Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel,
Wagner, to whom none holds candle;
Raphael, Michel Angelo,
Allston, Hoffman and Corot,
Phidias, Praxiteles,
Knights of labor, hours of ease,
Sociology and slums,
Truant officers and bums—

Here the poetry machine stopped abruptly, not because the end of the list had been reached, but because I was out of breath turning the crank.

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There are a great many delicate, nervous little girls in this city, who not only do their regular school work, which, as we all know, grows more severe and exacting every year, but also wash the dishes, make the beds, and practice two hours a day on the piano! Where is that valuable and necessary part of a child's education which comes from play to find time for itself? I sometimes suspect that the only real leisure class in this country consists of the laboring men who work eight hours a day.

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But what difference does it make whether Knapp, or Wesley Elkins, or Jesse Pomeroy, or any of those horrible, unnatural criminals is insane or not? It seems to me that the very fact that lawyers try so hard to prove criminals of that kind insane shows an error in our laws and in the public conception of the duties of courts. No human court can administer exact justice; its first duty is to protect society. If the doer of horrible crimes is insane, he is only so much the more dangerous, and has no more right to be turned loose on society, even after a term of imprisonment, than a man-eating tiger. What frightful consequences resulted from the release of Knapp after serving only three years of a ten years' sentence! I am no advocate of cruelty, or even of severity; such criminals may be treated with any degree of consideration short of not keeping them safely shut up; but it does seem to me that there are some crimes no man ought to have the opportunity of committing twice.

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The distinguished club woman, sent for from far and near to lecture before clubs and to grace great occasions, was at home once more, and sank with a sigh of relief—not into her own easy chair, but into the chair before her own desk.

"I have been beautifully entertained," she said. "I have had a glorious time. I have been assigned to bedrooms beautiful and magnificent beyond description, and furnished with conveniences and elegances whose very names I did not know, but they all lacked one thing—not one of them had a writing desk! When I come in from a journey the first thing I want to do, after making myself presentable, is to write some notes to my friends. I have scraps I have cut out from the magazines and newspapers I have been reading on the train that I know are just what one friend and another needs for some subject she is studying or some paper she is preparing. My trunk has not come yet, and there is no pen, ink or paper in the room. I'd be willing to dispense with a thousand dollars' worth of needless magnificence if I could have a plain writing desk and some common paper and envelopes."